

THE GLEAM



WINDMOOR

Y

The Gleam

Vol. 1

Windmoor, Kansas City, Mo., February, 1923

No. 2

St. Teresa



thou undaunted daughter
of desires!
By all thy dower of lights
and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the
dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of
love;
By thy large draughts of intel-
lectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more
large than they;
By all thy brim-filled bowls of
fierce desire,
By thy last mornings draught of
liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final
kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and
sealed thee His;
By all the heavens thou hast in
Him
(Fair sister of the Seraphim!)
By all of them we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

—Crashaw.

Chronicle.

November 24.—The Faculty of St. Teresa's entertained the College Students and College Alumnae at a luncheon in honor of St. Catherine of Alexandria. After the Luncheon the following program was given:

Piano "Chromatic Valse"
.....FLORENTINA RUTKOWSKI
Panegyric "St. Catherine of Alex-
andria"MARJORIE THOMPSON.
Piano "Picriette"ISABELLA GLICK
Voice "Until"ADELE OLMSTEAD
Reading "The Mystic Espousal of
St. Catherine" MARGARET FISHER
Violin "Love's Greeting".....
.....ANNADELE RILEY
Voice "His Lullaby"
.....IMOGENE JONES

Each number was well rendered and appreciated by all present. We

are proud to have so many talented young ladies among us at St. Teresa's.

December 6.—Reverend Mother Agnes and Mother Rose Aurelia, both of St. Louis, Missouri, visited the student body of the College and Academy. The pupils were assembled in the study hall where the visitors addressed to them words of encouragement.

December 8.—The feast of the Immaculate Conception. On this day a reception into the Sodality took place. Mass was celebrated by Reverend H. J. Ehrhard, S. J., at 8:30 in the college chapel. The resident pupils sang Sorin's, "Echoes of Heaven" Mass. The "Veni Creator" was sung during the blessing of the medals, and "Mother I Could Weep for Mirth" was sung during their distribution.

A short address was given by Father Ehrhard in which he brought forth the benefits derived from being a sodalist and especially from the patronage of the Blessed Virgin. Some very impressive words from the address were these: "Like a lily among thorns, so art thou, O Mary, among the daughters of Adam." After the sermon the Magnificat was sung and then Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament closed the services.

December 11.—A Current Events Club was organized by the Senior Academic students. It was decided that this club would meet every other Monday to report on the findings of the previous fortnight. Helen Ree Honan was elected President, and Katherine Madorie, Secretary.

The members of the class are divided among the four committees through which the club operates. The committees are the Committee on National Affairs, the Committee on Foreign Affairs, the Committee on Local Affairs, and the Criticism Committee.

The Criticism Committee does its work after the other committees have reported. Its members take into consideration the diction, posture, and tone of voice of the speakers, and whether the subjects were intelligibly and exhaustively treated. The rotation system will be used so that all will have an opportunity to function as critics.

So far only two regular meetings have been held, but the club is pro-

gressing rapidly and is proving quite interesting.

December 14.—The Senior class visited the Weather Bureau. Through the courtesy of Mr. P. Connor the workings of the Bureau were explained to the students. Their attention spoke their appreciation.

December 15.—The pupils of the Gymnasium and Dancing classes gave an exhibition of their work. Class drills and dances were interspersed with solo dances. The program was delightful and gratifying for it showed that the students acquired not only agility but grace through the exercises.

December 19.—The Vocal and Expression classes entertained the College and Academy in the Academy Auditorium. Each performer commanded praise and appreciation. A feature worthy of special notice was the dramatization of a Street Car Scene by the Senior Class. The composition was original, the work of Mary Randolph, a member of the class. The Juniors presented Scenes from Bethlehem, aided by a full chorus which sang the Angels' greeting in perfect unison and harmony.

The College Chemistry class had an interesting discussion on Louis Pasteur, one of the world's famous chemists. Each member of the class wrote a short biographical sketch of the famous chemist, and several of these sketches were read aloud in class. Sister Athanasia spoke of the works of Pasteur and the contribution which he has made to the world.

January 16.—Mother Columbine and Sister M. Palma visited St. Teresa's.

Windmoor.

W stands for the wisdom which all Windmoor girls possess,

I is for the interest that the school life holds in store,

N is for neatness—surely a charming trait,

D stands for the dignity which the Seniors have acquired,

M means chiefly manners which are taught with vim and zest,

O is for order in which the locker room is kept,

O is also for opportunities which Windmoor always gives.

R is for right for which our Alma Mater stands.

The Gleam

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Editorial.

Are you an S. T. A. girl? You say, "Why, how ridiculous, of course, I'm an S. T. A. girl." But are you, really and truly? You may sit in its study hall on one of its chairs and dip your pen in its ink-wells but that does not mean that you're one of the number of real S. T. A. girls. Do you take a vital interest in everything that goes on, that in any way concerns the school? Do you do your very best to live up to its standards? Do you boost it in your community? Do you put pep and vim into your school work? Do you aid its every project? No? Then you're not an S. T. A. girl even if you hang your wraps in its lockers and write on its blackboards. How can you go about it? Have some pep! Be interested in your school! Rah for its teams! Work for it! Then you'll be an S. T. A. girl.

Some Appreciations of The Gleam.

I am sure you all worked hard to give us all such a bright, breezy paper so aptly styled **The Gleam**—Kansas City, Missouri.

I was agreeably surprised with a copy of **The Gleam**. Many thanks. I surely enjoyed it all. I hope the little pamphlet will meet with great success and will continue to grow—Hannibal, Missouri.

Won't I have something to look forward to since I am going to get **The Gleam**? I can not wait for the next copy.—Peoria, Illinois.

Allow me to extend to you and the Staff most hearty congratulations for your successful efforts in editing your most interesting quarterly entitled **The**

Gleam. I trust your work will grow and grow.—Kansas City, Missouri.

I believe **The Gleam** to be a good thought, well carried out.—Kansas City, Missouri.

It is with great pleasure that I subscribe for **The Gleam**. I trust that your efforts will meet with great success.—Oswego, Kansas.

May I take this opportunity of telling you how sincerely I admire the first issue of your magazine and how anxious I am for your success in publishing it.—Kansas City, Mo.

The Alumnae is grateful for the privilege you have bestowed on them in reserving space in the magazine for their news items. You may be assured of the interest and earnest desire of the alumnae to cooperate in all your undertakings that promote the best interests of the school.—Kansas City.

Mission Notes.

The third monthly meeting of the St. Teresa Mission Unit was held Friday, December 15th. Several business points were discussed, such as the sale of the Crusade official book "The Conversion of the Pagan World," the collection of cancelled stamps and tinfoil, and the distribution of little red stockings to be filled with self-denial offerings during the Christmas season. The proceeds of the latter will be sent to the Foreign Mission Society of America at Maryknoll, New York. A number of subscriptions to the Shield, the official organ of the C. S. M. C., were obtained. Program and Spiritual Aid Committees were appointed by the President, Miss Florentine Rutkowski. The Misses Agnes Coomes and Marjorie Thompson from the college department, and the Misses Frances Fenning and Katherine Rose Dierks from the Academic department were selected for the program committee. Those chosen for the Spiritual Aid Committee were the Misses Mary Orr, Virginia Flanagan, Veronica Allgaier, Kathleen Soden and Lucia Berger.

The chief feature of the meeting was a most instructive talk on China. In an interesting and unique manner the speaker, Miss Marjorie Thompson, gave an account of the history of the country, and of the characteristics and religion of the people.

The members of the St. Teresa Mission Unit have resolved to keep the Church Unity Octave this year, which is observed between the Feast of St. Peter's Chair, January 18th, and the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25th.

Music Notes.

On Sunday, November 26, the Little Symphony Orchestra of the Kansas City Chamber Music Society conducted by N. de Rubertis, assisted by Alexander Blackman, soloist, appeared in the Academy Auditorium. The program was composed of many

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numbers of remarkable selection and of especial interest to the music lover. "Praise the Lord Almighty" (Trio from Attilla) was sung by Mrs. Howard Austin, S. J. Fischer, and Mr. J. T. Freilinger.

The second Symphony program of the season was presented at Convention Hall, November 29 by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Rudolf Ganz. The third program was rendered December 21 by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of the assistant conductor, Victor Kolar. The next program will be conducted by Henri Verbruggen of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. There will be two more programs this season in which the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra will feature.

Miss Florence Muehlbach and Miss Adele Olmstead of the St. Teresa Music Department participated in the Junior Rally of the Missouri Federation of Music Clubs at the Horner Institute of Fine Arts. Miss Muehlbach played Godard's "Chromatic Waltz," and Miss Olmstead sang "Sylvia."

On February 11, 1923 Miss Elsa Hilger, cellist, Maria Hilger, violinist, Greta Hilger, pianist, will present a musical program in the Academy Auditorium.

On Friday, January 26, The Six Royal Holland Bell Ringers rendered a program of artistic novelties interspersed with Folk Songs and Dances of the picturesque Netherlands.

The art department of Windmoor has accomplished many things during the last few months. On Monday, November 20, the girls began to work on Christmas cards. All showed great interest in their work, and the results were pleasing to their teacher, themselves, and their friends.

The class at present is engaged in its mid-winter work.

In addition to the pupils' work, Sister Vibiana displayed some beautiful hand work, mottoes, cards and calendars. Cards for sale will be on exhibit before Valentine day.

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Library Notes.

The library is becoming a more popular place to study, and indeed it is an ideal place for study. Sister Florentina is always in attendance and ready and willing to help everyone. Several new books have been received.

Clark, Average Cabins; The Light on the Lagoon.

Lincoln, Fair Harbor.

Gross, To the Dark Tower.

Garland, A Daughter of the Middle Border.

Moore, The House Called Joyous Garde.

Hudson, Abbe Pierre.

Borden, The Gates of Olivet.

Wettendorf, Four Doses.

St. Gregory VII, Notre Dame Series.

Kurth, The Church at the Turning Points of History.

Sorley, The Sacrament of Duty.

Belloc, Europe and the Faith.

Stevenson, The Girl from Alsac.

O'Hagan, Essays on Catholic Life.

Sherman, Book of Short Stories.

Johnston, To Have and to Hold.

Ramsay, Short Stories of America.

Burton, Supervision and the Improvement of Teaching.

Wilkinson, Catholic Thought and Thinkers.

Shuster, The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature.

Willmann, The Science of Education.

Maynell, The Second Person Singular.

Benson, A. C., Spiritual Letters of Monsignor Benson.

Spears and Norris, Vital Forces in Current Events.

Richardson and Owen, Literature of the World.

Fink, St. Paul, Hero and Saint.

Tanner, The Science of Debate.

Young, Astronomy.

Uranography.

American Nautical Almanac.

Fructus Inter Folia

Have you ever noticed the attractive magazine corner we have in the library? What could be more delightful than to curl up in one of those comfortable leather chairs, and pluck the "fruit among the leaves" from some of the many good magazines. We find the "American," the "Saturday Evening Post," and kindred publications well thumbed. But what about the "Catholic World," the "Atlantic," and "Scribners"? The senior college girls have agreed to try to spread "magazinettis." Will you put yourself in a condition to catch it?

Are you well posted on the Ku Klux question? The January number of the "Catholic World" will help you out, if you are not. The number contains an article on this subject, by the editor, which is both enlightening and interesting. Are you a lover of Francis Thompson? Do not miss the keen appreciation of the tender

singer expressed in "The Prose of Francis Thompson." The great outstanding figure of James, Cardinal Gibbons, never fails to interest, and Maurice Francis Egan speaks as well as M. F. E. can speak in Cardinal Gibbons, an American and a Catholic. G. K. Chesterton has a well written article, "Where All Roads Lead," that will repay reading.

M. O'H.

Who doesn't like an interesting serial? There is one starting in the December Scribner's which all serial followers and others who enjoy good writing will like. "A Son at the Front," by Edith Wharton, deals with a group of Americans living in Paris at the beginning of the World War. A series of engravings illustrating the Virgin Islands, done on linoleum by Lowell L. Balcom ought to have a special interest for us, for Mr. Balcom was born and reared in Kansas City. We of the daily bath might still learn something from the latest edition to the family, for it is said that in Charlotte-Amalie they scrub the gutters every day. Those interested in immigration should read "From Immigrant to Inventor."

"Some Recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson" make bright the pages of the January number. The author, Sir Edmund Radcliffe Pears, tells how he took fifty pounds to Stevenson's old friend Ori in Tahiti. If the question were asked you, "Why did you come to college?" what would your answer be? Would your answer agree with those given in "Under Class"?

M. P.

John Ruskin, his passionate love for truth, his views on art and religion, is the subject of an attractive article in "Truth." In the "Ave Maria," you will find a new series by John Ayscough, "The Dean of Roodminster." The charm of native atmosphere that marks all of Monsignor Drew's sketches is strong here, and makes us wonder what England would be like if it were Catholic?

F. M.

"America" for January 20, contains an account of the "Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems." This article should be read carefully by every college student and senior. The promoters hope that the conference will help to cure or ameliorate some of our social troubles.

S. L. L.

Would you like to see a 1490 model of a flying machine? Then look in the January Mentor. You will find, too, a print of the "La Belle Ferrianiere," which aroused so much interest in Kansas City a few years ago. The story of Leonardo Da Vinci is told; the man who stated with much truth that he could do as much as anyone else, whoever he may be, and among whose manuscripts the following sentence, which he called a

"prayer" was found: "Thou, O God, dost sell us all good things at the price of labor." The same number contains some graphic views of Constantinople, done in sepia, an article on Martinique, and a fine presentation of the story of Michelangelo and Vittoria Colonna. What temper of soul the extract shows where the great artist declares "he never ceased to regret that in that solemn moment he had not ventured to press his lips for the first time to the forehead of the dead."

F. R.

Autobiography of a Senior's Fountain Pen.

In the first place, gentle reader, I am overworked. Yet, I carry three drops of dark-blue ink in my rubber soul for many an hour, mayhap, before my erratic mistress has occasion to remove my heavy burden. Mine Owner, know ye all, is a Senior, whose hand nervously fumbles at me and twists and untwists me while reciting history. I give inspiration to her bewildered mind. On my golden point rests my Senior owner's English reputation. In Physics, I fly over the paper like the winged heels of Mercury, leaving in my wake a series of **correct** computations. To me falls the task of winning for my mistress E's and M's, and alas, to my great shame I say it, sometimes an I Verily, in my inky depths rest the faith and hope of my owner in the forth-coming ordeals popularly alluded to as the mid-year exams. I, instead of dangling inanely on a black string, give her strength when she is asking to be excused at noon.

Mine is a lonely life and hard. I am left to repose on the cold, white basins in the locker room, again on a black wooden shelf in the library, sometimes in Milady's coat-pocket in company with strange and barbarous articles. Anon she uses me to write queer missives on pink, perfumed stationery addressed to Military Schools, and betimes I must haste to defend her against the onslaught of glaring question marks.

In return for all this inky-service, I ask of you, O rattlebrained Senior, to give heed to my request. When my end shall come, as come it shall to every fountain-pen (for we are not a long-lived race, particularly in the hands of a high-school student,) I beg that my demise shall be accompanied by a vast amount of jazz and lamentation, that I shall not be resurrected from my peaceful tomb in the dust-chute, and finally, that I shall be remembered as having served my owner in all the exigencies of school life of S. T. A. In pity, accord me a decent burial, and may your next Conklin be worthy of its predecessor.. Selah!

Old Faithful,
—MARY RANDOLPH.

Impossible John.

It was a wonderful June day. The air was perfumed with all the sweetness of summer. Everything seemed to be in accord, from the kitten sleeping on the front porch to the bee buzzing around the honeysuckle vine.

The mail carrier had just left and Mrs. Carter was standing on the porch reading the letter he had brought to her.

"Jim Bellings, is sending his daughter, Lucy, to me for two weeks. Can you beat that?" she said, and a queer smile came over her face. Turning around she called indoors to John, who came out immediately. John was a splendid picture of young American manhood. Having just returned from Rockhurst, the work of the sun was telling on him, but the red sunburned skin seemed to add to his appearance this morning. When his mother had read the letter to him, he threw back his head and laughed.

"I know that type of hot house flower! And she has never been in the country? Well, mother, here's where we shall have some real fun."

The next forenoon when Lucy Bellings arrived, John met her at the station. And walking over to her, he said, "Are you the young gal, what's com'in to visit us folks?"

Lucy turned in disgust from the ugly, overgrown country lad. "I am Miss Lucy Bellings!" She haughtily answered.

"All right, Miss Lucy, here's the wagon." John never forgot the expression on her face when she turned to see the dilapidated wagon, for which he had spent his morning searching all over the neighborhood.

Lucy climbed in as best she could, thinking to herself, "If I had only stayed on the train!" Why had her father picked out such a God-forsaken place as this? She was to be a debutante that fall. Was this educating her for her place in society? She remembered her father's last words.

"Lucy, my child, I am sending you to the home of my childhood. The people are old friends of ours, and good wholesome country people. I want you to see a little of real life before I turn you over to some of your 'lettuce-eating' friends."

The wagon was not missing a single bump on the road. John was quiet and seemed to be paying all his attention to his horse, while he really was thinking to himself, "She's not such a bad looking girl. After we teach her how to look sweetly from those blue eyes, instead of cold as steel, she will be quite the prettiest girl I have ever seen. This is surely a good play. If I can only act my part for the whole two weeks. I'm sure mother and Dad will help me. John, old man, it's up to you!"

They drove up in front of the house without having spoken a single word

the whole way home. Mrs. Carter met them at the door and greeted Lucy very sweetly and in somewhat more of a gentle manner than John had greeted her at the station. Lucy gave a sigh of relief. At least the mother was not quite as impossible as that idiot John!

Lucy was left to herself the remainder of the day. She roved over the countryside, and even though she hated to admit it to herself she couldn't help enjoy the peacefulness of it all.

The next day John suggested that they go to the Annual Sunday School picnic. They were sitting on the porch when he asked her; gazing at the peach blossoms on the tree in front of the door steps. She looked at John as though he were insane!

"Picnic? Oh! What a childish bore! They are quite out of date, you know."

John had to turn his head, so she could not see him smile. He finally managed to say, "They are lot's of fun, Miss Lucy, and not out of date. We have one every year, just at this time. Yes-sir-ree, just at this time it was last year, so you see your wrong about 'em bein' out of date!"

Lucy looked at him with a sigh, "Oh, dear, you are so hopeless! Of course I won't go." Then more to herself than to John—"Wouldn't those peach blossoms look heavenly in my hair?"

John realized she was quite right, he never imagined her quite so pretty as she was this morning. Even her eyes seemed softer, and the pink and white checked gingham was very becoming.

The picnic being the following evening, Lucy was left alone, for John and his parents had gone. She wandered around out side until it was quite dark and then decided she'd go to her room and watch the moon rise, from her window. As she passed by the door of John's bedroom, which he had carelessly left open, she was very much surprised to see a Rockhurst pennant on the wall. The temptation being too great for Lucy she walked in and looked around the room. There was such a contrast between the man and his room that Lucy could hardly believe her eyes. Evidences of a college man were everywhere about—books, papers, annuals of the last two years at Rockhurst, caps, horns and canes. Lucy left the room with her mind in a whirl. Where did that impossible country man get all those things? She couldn't tell him she had seen them, yet she was determined to find out where they came from, somehow.

The next two days Lucy saw very little of John and had no opportunity to be alone with him, at all. On the third day she received an answer, to the letter she had written to her father on the day of her arrival. He was disappointed in her. Why couldn't she learn to love and appreciate the things that were so dear to him

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in his youth? "Dear, old Dad," thought Lucy, "he will never realize times have changed."

She was so busy getting ready to leave that she quite forgot about John's room. However, just as she left him at the station, she told him, she was giving a week-end party at her home, the first of July and she wanted him to be sure and come, because she had a very important question to ask him. Though her invitation quite took John off his feet, he accepted.

Lucy had a glorious time telling her friends about the freaks of the country and she told them of her "Impossible John" as she nicknamed him. They were all quite eager to see him and how he would look and act among the best society people in Newton.

The dinner was just over, on the first night of Lucy's weekend party and all the young people had gathered in the drawing room to chat. In the midst of this burlesque of conversation a charming young man appeared at the doorway. He was dressed quite as well and up-to-date as any young man in the room and was far better looking than most of them. He stood in the doorway for a second and then walked over to Lucy who was in the far end of the room. As he neared her, she felt hot, then cold—could it be he? Was she seeing things?

"My dear Miss Bellings, you see I have accepted your invitation and am sorry I am a little late in arriving.

Yes it was John! Oh! why had she never before noticed what a splendid looking man he was. However, being trained to cope with all situations, she braced herself up and introduced him to all in the room. Several of the girls fairly gasped. "Not the John Carter, you were telling us about, Lucy?"

After he had been presented to every one, he took Lucy's hand and led her into the garden. The moon was wonderful, never had a night been more glorious. John looked down at Lucy and thought her more beautiful than ever. She gazed at him and asked, "John, dear, can you ever forgive me?"

The smile on John's face as he turned to pluck a rose from a nearby bush, which he placed in Lucy's hair, was her answer.

—EVELYN FLINN.

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If you are able by patience great
To dismount from your pony when you translate;
If you can do this or more, do not fear
You'll pass in your midyear exams, my dear!

—Anna May Hogan.

The Seven Wonders of the Wind-moor World.

1. Our basket ball squad.
2. The freshman class.
3. Margaret Morley's new hats.
4. Our teachers who never give tests.
5. The girls' long dresses.
6. Marion Pinnell's silence in English IV.
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Alumnae Notes.

Since the last issue of "The Gleam" two very successful meetings of the St. Teresa Alumnae Association have been held. The December meeting was given over largely to the election of officers. The following officers have served for two years:

President, Mrs. R. J. Higgins.
First Vice-President, Miss Madeline Schaffer, department of education.
Second Vice-President, Miss Teresa Crowe, department of social service.
Third Vice-President, Mrs. Frank Wheeler, department of literature.
Secretary, Miss Margaret O'Rielly.
Miss Helen Stewart.
Treasurer, Miss Hortense Miller.

No commendation could be too high for the manner in which these officers discharged their duty. During their administration Kansas City welcomed for the first time the state convention of the Missouri Chapter of the I. F. C. A., and they gave a generous response in time and effort. This convention was recently characterized by one of the national vice-presidents as "an almost ideal convention." That part of an organization so essential for success, the financial, was placed on a sure footing by the members. Altogether, the retiring officers have good reason to be well satisfied with their work.

The newly elected officers are as follows:

President, Miss Helen Stewart.
First Vice-President, Miss Teresa Crowe, department of education.
Second Vice-President, Miss Hortense Miller, department of social service.
Third Vice-President, Mrs. Mary Lynch, department of literature.
Secretary, Mrs. Will Scurry.
Treasurer, Miss Margaret Crowe.
Accompanist, Mrs. R. J. Higgins.
Press Manager, Mrs. Edward C. Hauber.

The January meeting was well attended, and marked by a spirit of "pep," and "do-it-now." Arrangements were made for a course in parliamentary law, and the final decision made relative to the statue of our Blessed Mother, which the alumnae will present for the study hall. Announcement was made of the election of Miss Helen Stewart as the Third Vice-Governor of the Missouri Chapter I. F. C. A., and Miss Monica Ryan as State Parliamentarian.

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Can You Imagine

Marjorie McCormick missing a gym class?
Florentine Rutkowski in "perpetual motion"?
Adele Olmstead working?
Annadele Riley at school on time?
Anna May Hogan laughing like Harold Lloyd?
Helen Bushman attending gym?
Marjorie Thompson without an argument?
A gloomy Apologetics Class?
Mary Orr as the College cut-up?
Maxine Diamond in a St. Teresa's uniform?
Any attractive young men in the parlor?
Evelyn Flinn rolling her r's?
Josephine Gilliford as the fat woman in a circus?
Agnes Coomes avoiding No. 1?
Isabella Glick as short as Mary Orr?
Margaret Fisher toddling to her little trundle bed at eight bells?
Mary Walsh in perfect attendance and in a hurry?
Mary Lee O'Brien terribly excited?
And to cap the climax, the boarders turned loose in the kitchen?
Agnes C.

A New Venture.

A series of lectures by the first-year college girls is being given. The first and second series have been well received and all are waiting for the third. The students show exceptional ability in delivery as well as in the selection and development of the topics. The following talks have been given:

Foreign Missions—Helen Bushman
Science in Housekeeping—Marjorie Thompson.
Local Superstitions—Anna May Hogan.
It Pays to Advertise—Josephine Gilliford.
The Hour of Triumph—Isabella Glick.
American Humorists — Florentine Rutkowski.

The Conversion of a Pragmatist.

She walked into the classroom
With a swagger and a dash,
"Give me a little syllogism
For that old Logic class."

"My brains have I been working,
But no way can I make
A "sylli" of the "Dari" type,
That doesn't turn out a fake."

Gaily the girls responded,
"Why, we will help you out,
Just say you forgot the assignment,
That will work, without a doubt."

So into the room she strutted,
"Where is your work?" she was asked:

"Why, I forgot the assignment."
My, but she was a sorry lass.
—Florentine Ruthowski.

The proud father beamed upon the assembled company as his daughter finished the aria, to prove her voice.

"What," he said expectantly, "what do you ladies and gentlemen think of my daughter's execution?"

With a shriek of approval, the whole crowd yelled:

"We're in favor of it!"

—Richmond Times Dispatch.



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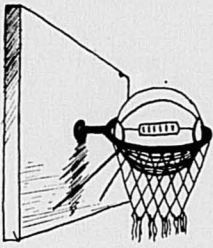
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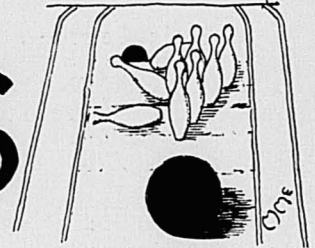
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ATHLETICS



Basket Ball.

Much progress has been made in basket ball since the last issue of The Gleam. Great enthusiasm was aroused by the fact that Miss Miller, physical director, chose a "squad" of twelve players instead of a "team" and "sub-team," as had formerly been done.

The following are the fortunate ones:

Elizabeth Van Hee
Katherine Lynch
Catherine Helm
Elizabeth Haywood
Helen Ree Honan
VaRonica Allegaier
Mary Randolph
Catherine MuehlSchuster
Helene Berger
Katherine Madorie
Virginia Altman
Mildred DyE
* * *

Bowling.

In spite of the fact that the bowling score resembles a thermometer in winter, the members of the bowling club are determined that the heat of practice shall make it rise. Results will be published in the next issue of The Gleam.

* * *

Chagrin.

The pins are set in wedge shape,
And K'Rose takes a ball;
She squares her shoulders, draws
breath,
The ball spins down the hall.

Then Louie takes a tumble,
But all the others stand;
K'Rose goes for another ball,
And sticks it in her hand.

She takes a stride, rolls the ball,
It goes off to one side;
Then K'Rose takes her last ball,
And starts another glide.

She rolls the ball, holds her breath,
Another pin goes down;
She grabs her hat, goes out the door,
And walks clear out of town.

H. P.

* * *

The Hike.

With spirits gay, and air sublime,
The hikers started—ten in line;
A bunch of lunch to satisfy
The hungry mouths as they did cry.

At ten they met on Waldo shore,
To start the day mid joy galore,
As on their way that day they sped,

"Of good times this is the best," they said.

H. R. H.

On Saturday, November 25th, Miss Miller chaperoned a hiking party of St. Teresa academic students. Our party met at Waldo about ten o'clock and after purchasing sufficient refreshments we started on the hike. The day was ideal, and the pedometer registered eight miles at the end of our journey. Our destination was Overland Park. We visited a sanitarium, stopped to rest several times, and finally reached Overland Park about one o'clock. On inquiry we learned where we could purchase our lunch, for which each girl was quite eager. Our stay in the town was limited, and we soon began our return trip.

No girl could say she was not tired that night—but each one could not keep from declaring what a good time she had had!

The hikers have planned another outing for February.

To Whom It May Concern.

If a joke is labeled with your name,
Don't take it to heart, or act insane,
Wouldn't it be awful if we never did
smile?

Why that's what makes our quarterly
worth while!
So don't get mad if we "pop" you one,
For, as we've said before, they're only
in fun.

* * *

Prof.—I've heard it said that a pan
of water under the bed will prevent
night sweats.

Student—I don't see why they need
a pan of water when they are right
over springs.

DIERKS

for

QUALITY LUMBER

Feminine Logic

He—I have won and I think I have
a right to claim the forfeit.

She—I don't know what you mean,
and besides somebody might see us.

* * *

First Student—The Papal States run
diagonally across Italy.

Second Student—They do not run
—they lie.

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Felix Aeternus.

On December 17th the pupils of the elementary department staged the Christmas Bride or Felix Aeternus. This play is based on the ancient Christmas legend that every year the New Born King chooses one of the fairest and purest souls on earth to be His Christmas Bride.

In the opening scene, the Hatton Home, Mss Bella Hatton was making preparations for a festival for the children of the neighborhood—her beautiful spirit manifesting itself on the eve of the great day. In the home of one of her friends, Agnes Frondon, there is sorrow because Agnes life is despaired of, and she seemed destined to be the Christmas Bride. When the gifts were being distributed an unknown guest appeared. He was unlike any other, most celestial in appearance. When asked his name he replied, "Felix Aeternus" at which all wondered. After the children had dispersed Bella and some friends called on Agnes. The former felt eager to offer her life in order that Agnes might be spared to her sorrowing mother.

On drawing aside the curtains of the shrine preparatory to praying, the Holy Child was seen to be standing where only a short time before a statue of the Christ Child stood. Not Agnes, but Bella was the chosen one. The songs of the Angels prepared her for this great privilege.

The cast of characters is as follows:

Christ Child—Statue in first act....
.....M. L. Riley.
Felix Aeternus—The Holy Child....
.....C. M. Bellport.
Bella—The Christmas Bride.....
.....D. Hackett.
Eith (Mrs. Hatton)—Mother of
Bella.....A. M. Downey
Grandma HattonMildred Pearson.
Angel.....Martha Soden.
Agnes—A sick friend of Bella.....
.....V. Kable.
Marion (Frondon)—The mother of
Agnes.....S. Miller.
Nancy (Rhoden)—the maiden aunt
of BellaF. Harrington.
Maid (of Nancy)R. M. Morgan.
Robert—A Boy Friend of Agnes....
.....V. Rice.

Friends of Agnes: M. E. Stokes,
V. Green, M. F. Engleman, R. M.
Morgan, M. Rice, K. Riley, H. Bur-
nett, D. Dye, M. Soden, B. Corrigan,
D. Buzby, V. Groves, J. Havel.

A large audience witnessed the performance, the proceeds of which were sent to St. John's Industrial School for Indians in Arizona.

Whereabouts of the Class of '22. College.

Lucille Heinzler is at home in Gilliam, Mo. She is studying piano and voice.

Helen Rumpel is at home in Weston, Mo.

Anna Bird Brown is studying vocal and instrumental music at the Horner Institute of Fine Arts, 30th and Troost avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

Dorothy Poole has studied business forms and is applying them.

Jewel Wilson was obliged to resign her place at Union City, Mo., because of ill health. The faculty and students regretted Miss Wilson's withdrawal from their teaching staff.

Loretta Graham is teaching at Notre Dame de Sion in Kansas City, Mo.

Mary Clement Gavin is teaching history and English in the Union City high school at Union City, Mo.

Academy.

Augusta Gannon is taking a post-graduate course in Battle Creek, Mich.

Helen Wilkins is taking university work at Kansas University, in Lawrence, Kas.

Dorothea Gufler is pursuing a teacher's course at the Emporia Normal, Emporia, Kas.

Helen Ricker is now Mrs. E. Robert Moorefield. Mr. and Mrs. Moorefield reside at 41 E. 33d street, Kansas City, Mo.

Imogene Jones, Adele Olmstead, Mary Walsh, Annadele Riley, Margaret Fisher and Marjorie McCormick have returned to their Alma Mater and are pursuing courses in art, music and the sciences.

Frances Cultra has gone to the

Bronson school in New York. We are anxious to know what courses have appealed to Frances.

Rita Fisher is teaching in Easton, Mo.

Catherine Sullivan has entered the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph in St. Louis, Mo.

Kathleen McDonald studied business forms and their application at the Spalding Business College, Kansas City, Mo.

Margaret Morton took a business course at the Kansas City Junior College and is now employed by the Kansas City Telephone Company.

Cecelia Crane is bookkeeper for Messrs. King and Cox in the Exchange Building, 16th and Genesee, Kansas City, Mo.

Stella De Noya is at home in Ponca City, Okla.

Kathleen McCarthy is at home at 3122 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

Were it not
For this small verse
There'd be a joke here
Ten times worse.

* * *

Teacher—Give the history of the "Horses of St. Mark's."

Pupil—I read St. Mark's life, but I could not find anything about his horses.

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